

NINETEEN POEMS BY CONTEMPORARY POETS

TOGETHER WITH
THE PATHOLOGY DES DOMMAGISTES

THE CHAPBOOK (A MONTHLY MISCELLANY)

Number 23 May 1921

H. STUART	Page
I <i>Fragment of a Dream of Superman</i>	3
II <i>Criminals</i>	3
EDGELL RICKWORD	
III <i>Singing at Night</i>	5
JOHN REDWOOD ANDERSON	
IV <i>Mary O'Brian</i>	6
V <i>Empty House</i>	7
VI <i>Home-Coming</i>	8
A. E. COPPARD	
VII <i>The Horse</i>	9
HAROLD LEWIS-COOK	
VIII <i>Trees</i>	10
MAXWELL BODENHEIM	
IX <i>From "Contrasts" (No. 2)</i>	11
X <i>When Fools Dispute</i>	11
XI <i>Advice to a Blue Bird</i>	12

LONDON : The Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, W.C.1

	Page
MABEL HART	
XII <i>Stumber Wood</i>	13
XIII <i>Flagermus</i>	14
E. G. TWITCHETT	
XIV <i>Sonnet</i>	16
NARCISSE WOOD	
XV <i>Decorations by the Author</i>	17
XVI <i>A Tree is My Lover</i>	18
W. P. R. KERR	
XVII <i>A Prayer</i>	19
OSCAR WILLIAMS	
XVIII <i>Summons</i>	20
XIX <i>Roofs</i>	20
PATHOLOGY DES DOMMAGISTES (<i>Being Specimens for a projected Anthology to be issued in the U.S.A.</i>)	21

MANUSCRIPTS, submitted either for THE CHAPBOOK, A MONTHLY MISCELLANY, or with a view to publication in book form, are subject to the following conditions :—

1. They will not be received if brought by hand to the Poetry Bookshop.
2. They must be sent by post, with a stamped addressed envelope (sufficiently large) for their return in case of rejection.
3. They cannot be acknowledged.
4. They cannot be examined within any specified period.
5. Poems accepted for THE CHAPBOOK are paid for one month after publication.

NOTE.—All MSS. receive careful consideration. Sometimes brief criticism is offered, but where they have not been accepted no further correspondence will be carried on regarding them.

Address : 35 Devonshire St., Theobalds Rd., London, W.C.1

I

Fragment of a Dream of Superman

. . . AND once a sudden land flashed in a dream
Seen like the sun between a storm and a flood,
A place of youth and young men shaking their blood
Into the remotest corners of their bodies
So that their fingers glowed and their toes might seem
To tread a cord stretched over the white sky.
There were none weak and none ready to die.
Then like a candle the mind blew out my dream.

II

Criminals

I

SHE had a number of lovers and one who
Loved her so passionately that the world
Found danger in his eyes . . . red, brown, black, blue,
Green, purple, gold, they changed and so the world
Brought him away and tied a greasy coat
About his head and a cord round his throat.
He was a murderer I think they said.
The Beautiful woman and he both lie here dead.

II

He died a strange death in a far strange place.
He saw the Moon take fire one night and stood
Drinking the white flames with his body and blood.
And when they brought him in his withered face
Hung down between his shoulders like a flower,
Like a faded lily mirrored in a pool
He lay there upside down, until a fool
Passing called out : " He's drunk put him to bed."
They sat and waited for a stupid hour
Then dug a hole and buried him instead.

III

He tied her long pale body to two boards
And gave them to the waves and for three days
The waters carried them until the cords
That bound her broke. So where her Mother prays
Each Sunday in the Church he carved these words :
' I tied her to a cross and on the third day
She descended into Hell but she shall rise
To the sea's edge again and rot away.
Who was her lover once writes this and dies.'



III

Singing at Night

THERE is a lovely Silence when a song
Fades into darkness, and the last notes sweep
Men's raving souls on throbbing wings along
To regions desolate as hills of Sleep.

Child-like and weak they roam, with shrunken hands
Clutching at fading flowers ; or dumbly seek
Shadows of their lost loves in moon-cold lands,
Till on the star-faint Earth they hear one speak

Thin little words that strain at their tired souls,
Dragging them back through cold, regretful airs
To bodies void like withered woodland boles
Huddled beneath them, waiting in strange chairs.



Mary O'Brian

MARY O'BRIAN is old and she wears a black shawl,
Black against the grey grass and the grey hill beyond,
Black in the fading day on the pale cottage wall,
And she drives three cows with a bent hazel-wand ;
Three black cows, and they walk in a row
From the day's green pasture to the night's black stall,
With slowly swaying heads and feet moving slow.

And she will sit in the dusk by the red turf-embers,
With her weary eyes fixed on the last faint glow,
And she will see again the faces she remembers,
And think of the summers that were hers long ago ;
And she will start a little and draw her shawl close
As the old faces fade and the chill of life's Novembers
Stirs the dry leaves of love's flowerless rose.

And when the hearth is black and the night has filled the room,
And the night-wind has risen and the sound of the ebb-tide grows
Into a great voice that whispers in the gloom,
Still she sits in the dark—and no man knows
What sad long thoughts, what hopes and what despairs
She stretches like a warp on her spirit's hushed loom
To weave her soul a garment with the shuttle of her prayers.

Empty House

DOWN the old road I passed
 where the house lay dreaming,
 Hushed, peaceful in the dusk
 of long summer twilight ;
 And I wondered what ghosts
 lived in the empty rooms
 And went treading softly
 up and down the steep stairs.

And suddenly, looking
 down from a window, a face,
 With eyes full of dreams, gazed
 at me pausing beneath ;
 And lo, it was my own
 face, as my face had been
 Long ago, when I dwelt
 in the old house by the road.

And long we two phantoms
 looked in each others' eyes :
 " You ? do you still live here ? "
 " Where else ? Home is so sweet.
 And you—still travelling ? "
 " I have not found my home."
 Then one drew back, and one
 sighed and passed down the road.

Home-Coming

I WILL make my thoughts as green grass,
And my hope a level path for your feet,
That you may come safely
To the quiet home of my heart.

I will make my songs as white clouds
Against the silent skies of my joy,
That their long shadows may shelter you
From the great heat of noon.

And my memory of you shall be as trees
And as a soft wind at the edge of the forest,
That you may take comfort
At the hour of the sun's setting.

But my love I will set on high, a lantern
Far-shining over the plains at night,
That you may come without hurt
To my heart's open door.



VII

The Horse

WHO comes from far away, what old grey man,
Into these coloured fields where the verdure flows
Dimpled and sweet ?

Unshackling gates and pinning them again
He comes with a bag of corn,
With gentle gesture comes
And cons the agued horse that mourns by the waterside
Unprofitably sick.
He pours before that wreck,
Its shrivelled clay sharpened with acrid bones,
A bag of teasing oats ;
The wind tosses the husks in yellow rain
Against the sky,
Where the pied lapwings turning in the noon
Twinkle like daylight stars.

The horse bites not, bends not, moves not,
It stands like stone,
Though its stone shadow shakes in the wrinkled waves
That move one way,
And its anguish is nudged by the blown shadow of clouds
That move another.

Meek old man,
It will bite no more, it will leap no more,
It will lie down in the rich summer grasses
And today or tomorrow it will abandon you.



VIII

Trees

THERE are no troubles that a tree
Cannot assuage for me.
When sitting in its lovely shade
Every grief must fade.

All the pain that life has pressed
Like thorns into my breast ;
The lash of words that life has spoken,
And bitter silence broken

By no word at all ; the pain
Of Beauty near, when vain
The striving of my troubled hands
To hold its shifting sands—

All these must vanish when a tree
Bends its cool boughs to me
All sweet with shade and carollings
Of little singing things.

There was a Man of Sorrows died
Upon a shorn tree's side.
He found His happiness that hour
And gave trees healing power.



IX

From "Contrasts" (No. 2)

ABOVE the sprightly idleness of plates,
 Men sit and feign industrious respect,
 With eyebrows often slightly ill-at-ease—
 Cats in an argument are more erect.
 At last the tactful lustres of farewells
 Are traded : each man strolls off and forgets
 The other—not a frill is disarranged,
 The tension dexterously avoids regrets.
 Two men have unveiled carved finalities,
 And made apologies for the event,
 With voices well acquainted with a task
 Devoid of nakedness and ornament,
 And each man might have murmured, " Yes, I know
 What you will say and what I shall reply,"
 And each man might have watched the other man
 Smile helplessly into his mutton-pie.

X

When Fools Dispute

ATRICKLE of dawn insinuated itself
 Through the crevices of black satiation.
 The elderly trees coughed, lightly, hurriedly,
 In remonstrance against the invasion.
 Lean with a virginal poison,
 The grass-blades shook, immune to light and time.
 A bird lost in a tree
 Shrilly flirted with its energy . . .
 One fool, in the garden, spoke to another.

Advice to a Blue-Bird

WHO can make a delicate adventure
 Of walking on the ground ?
 Who can make grass-blades
 Arcades for pertly careless straying ?
 You alone, who skim against these leaves,
 Turning all desire into light whips
 Moulded by your deep blue wing-tips.
 You who shrill your unconcern
 Into the sternly antique sky.
 You to whom all things
 Hold an equal kiss of touch.

Mincing, wanton blue-bird,
 Grimace at the hoofs of passing men.
 You alone can lose yourself
 Within a sky, and rob it of its blue !



Stumber Wood

WHERE the water runs out from the wood,
 (Stumber Wood),
 The mosses are green with an emerald's sheen,
 But some of them red, like the blood
 Of the man who was murdered there once, long ago.
 I don't know
 Who he was, nor who did it, nor why ;
 But 'twas here that he lay,
 So they say,
 With his face to the sky.

The wood-pecker laughs in the wood,
 (Stumber Wood),
 But her laugh is not good,
 For I think she went mad when the thing
 That we know of was done in the Spring
 By a man to a man in his prime,
 When the year was at blossoming time.

For up there at the edge of the wood,
 (Stumber Wood),
 Like a bride when she's merry
 There swings the wild cherry,
 And crab-apples flower
 Like maids 'ere they sour,
 And the wind, blowing down through the bent,
 Is laden and warm with the scent
 Of ripe fruit that we pluck in a dream :

Yet no fruit did he find, it would seem,
But a thorn 'neath the blossoming gold,
Whose heat left another man cold
When his hand spilt another man's blood
Where the water runs out from the wood,
(Stumber Wood).

XIII

Flagermus

FLAGERMUS, the trotting mare,
Trotting on the valley road,
Trotting there and trotting back,
Neat and nimble, spry and sprack.

Flagermus, the little mare,
Coated like the flitter-mouse,
Soft brown eye, and sickle ear
This way, that way, pricked to hear.

Flagermus, with sober tread
Pacing up the saeter path,
Free of wheel and rein, yet so
Heavy, needs must pace it slow.

Flagermus, when autumn comes,
Trotting homeward, gay and glad,
With a tiny horse beside,
Who's her dear, her joy and pride.

Flagermus, the old and lame,
Standing by the store-house door,
Bending low her grizzled head
To the salt the children spread.

Flagermus, with trusting eyes,
Limps where Ole leads the way.
From the summer sky the sun
Twinkles down on Ole's gun.

Flagermus will never come
Home from saeter any more,
Trotting fast, or limping slow,
In the sunshine or the snow.

“ Flagermus ! ” the children cried.
Ole laid his gun away.
“ Where is Flagermus ? ” they said.
Ole cursed, and went to bed.

Yet sometimes, when nights are still,
On the valley road he hears
Trotting hooves that pause, and
And he dreams of Flagermus.



Sonnet

I SOMETIMES dream in open London ; when
The towers and the steeples and the chimes
Swirl in a mist of old forsaken times,
And dapple with the golden age again.
Gods re-arrive and loiter among men,
Blazing with endless youth and clad in rhymes ;
Gods hot from Troy and shapeless gods from climes
Egyptian and Babylonian.

Achilles, paused in the bewildering street,
Watches the new god Mammon curiously,
Seeing his toiling worship on men's brows ;
And Aphrodite on enticing feet
Poises her head and glitters roguishly,
Rosily, passing by the Mansion House.



Decorations by the Author

MY room has green and growing things in it,
 Contentedly in russet bowls they sit,
 And when the honey-gold of lamplight falls
 They paint their silhouettes on sea-blue walls.
 My other playmates in this shadowed room
 Who hide and seek each other in the gloom,
 Beyond my lamp's small moon discreetly glowing,
 Are daffodils and primroses a-blowing ;
 Harlequin (drawn by Shepperson) who mocks
 At poor Petroushka in his painted box,
 And Rupert Brooke, tossing his splendid hair
 And wondering if the lady brooding there,
 Smiling so secretly, remote apart,
 Has stirred the April in a frozen heart . . .
 No, I'll not look at YOU. . . I'll stare instead
 At all my friendly toys, the stalwart red
 Devonshire crocks, the winking eyes of brass,
 My dozing books in jackets green as grass,
 Scarlet or motley ; leaning as they will,
 Good gossips all, but saying nothing ill.
 What, am I lonely ? Well here's stuff for smiles . . .
 The fair Selina, chaired by Giles and Miles,
 Conceived in Chelsea, as their airs betoken,
 And cursed be he by whose vile hand they're broken !

A Tree is my Lover

THE sycamore tree and I
Have made friends.
His fresh branches look into my room,
I encourage him shamefully.
Sometimes in the daytime
I like to think of my tree,
Waiting for my return
In the late evening
Waiting, a green and gold lover.



A Prayer

HOW many years have gone by since John Day
Heard his bee-music that last summer-time :
And Robin Herrick's bones were hidden away
So long ago, the blossom forgets his rhyme.

So much spring-masking, summer pageantry,
Would have wearied them before the play was over :
Better quiet sleep, or those new years they see
Now their bones are dust, their flesh daisies and clover.

Yet I have prayed the gods to give me, too,
Ten years, or twenty years, of fields and trees,
Orchards, hedgerows, streams, and green and blue :
A rosy garden and the noon-day bees.

Then to leave me, wherever they are, with Herrick and Day,
And Time, if he will, may throw my rhyme away.



XVIII

Summons

DOWN a hushed twilight
There will come to you
The sound of a door
Slowly opening
You will hear
The muffled surge
Of strange billows,
And then,
The darkness will touch you
Softly on the shoulder. . . .

XIX

Roofs

DREAM, Oh men, to reach the sky,
Build your roofs and build them high ;
From the earth where soft grass drowns
Take the rock to build your houses ;
From the plains where beauty roams
Take the shadows for your homes ;
Build and dream to reach the sky,—
Dreams are dear, but truth is dearer,—
If your roofs were not so high,
Oh your blue sky would be nearer !



PATHOLOGY DES DOMMAGISTES

(Being Specimens for a projected Anthology to be issued in the
U.S.A.)

*“ C’est vrai, c’est dommage,
et c’est dommage c’est vrai.”*

(Translated from the Elizabethan
English by B. H. W.).

Palæolith

BRING now
Chryso-phrases two words long
Sprinkle the marble steps
White as her neck
Twice . . .

Another

I

H^{OI}
The wet milk lashes me
A lank sea-weed
Sheared the salt water
Long long ago.
Wait for me
Where daisies twine round
Papuan mandragora.

II

Hoi . . .

Epigram

(After the Cretan.)

LITTLE Calligulala
Has tied one golden sandal
Round her pink ankle
Too tightly.
Heu ! The discomfort
The varicose veins. . . .

Silver dust falls
Over the tepidarium . . .

Selected Bulbs from a Javan Pot

THE YELLOW TAMARINDS.

WONDERING when I would be able to pay my laundress, I
let my eyes fall and I saw the smutty tamarinds I grow
in my little window-box.

THE FRENZIED MANDOLINIST.

A MANDOLINIST in a night-club having broken his E-string
spoke thus : " Less expensive than sheet-music, much more
unexpected than tips from ecstatic customers, are thy gambols,
thou damned one !."

(And a lot more)

‘Conticuerunt Omnes . . .’

LESBIA’S hair
Swathing her navel
Has been dyed with henna
To match the goldfish
In the plashing fountain ?

‘Tutti Frutti’

ON the spots of
The brown cushion
My love
Has laid her yellow hairs.
Her fan is not moving :
Where
Is the drunken juggler ?

And After . . .

WHERE are the creases
That furrowed Claudius’
Pinky complexion ?
He has strayed
To the baths
And Madame Rubinstein
Has smeared mauve
Pomade over it.
God !
Those creases. .

Fragment (*untranslated*)

After Sappho.

μαὶ ροτ ἰς αλμωστας
βαδας θαν, ιεθρω.

βυτνοτ
κναιτ

The Anthologist

(A Poem in the old style.)

SHOULD auld acquaintance spend its shot
And critics prove unkind
We'll take the fiddling things we've got
And send them off to bind.

We all must sign, my dear,
We all must sign :
We'll get a word of mention yet
From the daillies' scribbling swine.

Gie me a column in the ' News '
And Someone's portrait fine,
I'll see that poets get their dues
(That's if they're friends of mine)

We all must sign, my dear,
We all must sign,
It's surely cheap at half-a-crown
Let's make it two-and-nine.

(and so on)

- (12) JUNE.—*A Bibliography of Modern Poetry, with Notes on Some Contemporary Poets.* Compiled by Recorder. 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d. (Cover designs by James Guthrie.)
- (13) JULY.—*Thirteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.* (Also *Pins for Wings*, by Emanuel Morgan.) 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d. (Woodcut on back of Cover by Jan Poortenaar.)
- (14) AUGUST.—*Aria da Capo : A Play in One Act* by Edna St. Vincent Millay. (Cover designs by Albert Rutherston.) 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d.
- (15) SEPTEMBER.—*Old Broadside Ballads.* Collected and Edited, with Reproductions in facsimile, Cover Design, and Introduction by C. Lovat Fraser. 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d.
- (16) OCTOBER.—*Sixteen New Poems by Contemporary Poets.* 1s. 6d. net. by post 1s. 8d.
- (17) NOVEMBER.—*The Younger French Poets.* By F. S. Flint. 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d.
- (18) DECEMBER.—*Three Songs : A Christmas Carol.* Words by John Masefield, Music by Malcolm Davidson. *Full Moon.* Words by Walter de la Mare, Music by Scott Goddard. *Desire in Spring.* Words by Francis Ledwidge, Music by Ivor Gurney. 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d. (Cover by G. Spencer Watson.)

1921.

- (19) JANUARY.—*Eleven New Poems by Contemporary Poets*, together with *Certain Prose Epigrams*, and an *Important Note* by Robert Bridges. 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d.
- (20) FEBRUARY.—*Puppets and Poets.* By E. Gordon Craig, with several Decorations and five full-page designs. 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d.
- (21) MARCH.—*A House (Modern Morality Play).* By Ford Madox Hueffer, With several Decorations. 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d.
- (22) APRIL.—*Prose in Poetry, (Three Essays).* By T. S. Eliot, Frederic Manning and Richard Aldington. 1s. 6d. net ; by post 1s. 8d.

All Back Numbers may still be obtained.

The next number of THE CHAPBOOK will consist of A LIST OF COMMENDABLE PLAYS, COMPILED BY THE BRITISH DRAMA LEAGUE.

The Subscription to THE CHAPBOOK is now, for 12 months, 20/- ; for 6 months, 10/-
(post free to any part of the world).

THE POETRY BOOKSHOP, 35 DEVONSHIRE ST., THEOBALDS RD., W.C.1.

